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2-9-1888

Providence Independent, V. 13, Thursday, February 9, 1888, [Whole Number: 659]

Providence Independent

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Recommended Citation

Independent, Providence, "Providence Independent, V. 13, Thursday, February 9, 1888, [Whole Number: 659]" (1888). *Providence Independent Newspaper, 1875-1898*. 439.
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Persistent in the Right; Fearless in Opposing Wrong.

VOLUME 18.

COLLEGEVILLE, PENN'A. FEBRUARY 9, 1888.

WHOLE NUMBER, 659.

Department of Science.

EDITED BY DR. J. HAMER, SR.

Matter, Force and Consequent Motion

(CONTINUED FROM LAST WEEK.)

Kinetic energy expends itself in rarifying matter and giving more freedom of motion to the molecules causing them to move and vibrate if the matter is in a gaseous state. But just in the same degree and in the reverse order and direction the kinetic force being expended in effecting this motion in matter is converted into attractive energy, and matter reverts back into the state in which it existed before the force was made to assume the kinetic form (no extraneous force interfering.) We have already presented the subject of spectral analysis, and the vibration of molecules in gaseous forms of matter, to which we may again refer hereafter. By the same law of the mutual convertibility of one form of energy into another it is evident that force set free in the form of molecular energy and acting upon a body of matter, in a vertical direction from the earth's centre, in proportion as the energy is expended in moving the body acted upon, it is converted into energy which gives rise to the motion in matter, a phenomena resulting from what is called the force of gravity, and this energy increases in the reverse order and direction as the squares of the distance diminish while it is approaching the starting point where force in the form of molecular energy was set free to act on the body. We have therefore the evidence that kinetic energy is converted into cohesive attraction in bodies of matter, and that muscular energy is convertible into attractive force, or force of gravity between the bodies themselves. And furthermore, as has already been pointed out when we were considering the relation of matter and force in general without any reference to what enters into vegetable and animal organisms, that, when matter is changed from a solid into a liquid state a great amount of heat becomes latent, at the moment of liquefaction; and as the process of assimilation is dependent upon chemical changes during the conversion of the dead protoplasmic substance into living protoplasm which becomes a part of the structure and affects the growth of the organism into which it has entered: therefore, all nutriment before it can be available for the vital phenomena must be converted into the liquid state. But that is not all, for the food itself before the change it has to undergo consists for the most part of complex organic substances in which has already been stored up a large amount of 'potential' energy. Hence, the amount of energy within the organism ready to become manifest in resulting phenomena when subjected to some acting force, is very great, more so than in any other chemical compound outside of organic substance. In considering the changes taking place and the phenomena occurring in an organism in consequence, there is another fact to be taken into consideration, that gases which had united chemically by attractive energy and liquid compound will not reunite. "In order to obtain the full chemical action of gaseous bodies, they must be brought into play at the moment of their being set free or formed in their nascent state, as it is termed." When water is decomposed into its constituent elements, at the moment before they assume the gaseous state the attractive energy is great, and this law holds good in respect to all gases.

(CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.)

VIOLET'S VALENTINE.

THE STORY OF A BESIEGED HEART AND ITS SURRENDER.

Love at first sight—do I believe in it! Let me tell you of one little incident that befell me and you will know. Now Vi, don't move—bless me, little woman, blushing after all these years! There—she's gone—and you'll not blame her, Tom, old fellow; for looking at it coolly and in the light of serious maturity—it does seem a little out of the common—this valentine of Violet's.

How well I remember the few wretched days before Fort Donelson, when I, hurt just badly enough to keep me from going in the great battle, had to lie

inert and allow the boys to go in and win without me! I was in McClernang's division, and early in the day had to do some ugly and useless fighting. Without an order or instruction the General ordered our regiment (along with two others) to go forward and capture a very annoying battery.

What a glorious dash we made, straight into the jaws of death—only to fall back overpowered and horribly cut up. 'Our Colonel, William Morris, fell badly wounded, and as he fell I, too, cut by the slugs of the enemy, reeled, and, loosing consciousness, in a moment more was lying motionless beside our brave commander.

Then followed an hour of hazy indistinctness, during which I comprehended only that I was placed on a rude litter and in an ambulance was carried with other of my wounded comrades to neighboring farmhouses. Very mean little domiciles, few and far between, were to be found around Fort Donelson; but toward the village of Dover, a couple of miles south of the fort and father up the river the houses bespoke a somewhat better class of inmates, and it was into one of these, upon the village outskirts, that I was borne groaning and gasping, and, let me assure you, not a bit heroic nor by any means a silent martyr.

After my wounds were dressed—slight flesh wounds and not at all serious—but wounds that made a squeamish fellow like me sick of life and disgusted with fate—I was left to lie upon a pretty bed in a pretty room of what I felt to be a pretty house overlooking the waters of the Cumberland.

"Who lives here!" asked I of myself—a person I habitually commune with in all the great stresses of my eventful life. As if to save myself the trouble of an answer the door opened and the loveliest vision my eyes ever rested upon entered quickly, and noiselessly closing the door behind her—of course, Tom, it was "her"—and locking it, went straight to the mirror that hung over the dainty dresser and began to let down great masses of the most magnificent hair I ever saw. Evidently my presence in her room—yes, Tom, it was her room—was unnoted, and I lay there in the shadowed corner lacking animation enough to apprise her of my presence.

It was fast growing dark, and through the twilight, ever and anon, came the flash of the first cannonade of the gunboats under command of Foote. At the sound of these reports I found my mind wondering at the great strength of the "Confeds," at the fort and the little handful of men Grant had to pit against them—they intrenched behind breast work, abatis and rifle-pit, while our men were "open targets"—but I knew General Lew Wallace and Thayer were looked for that afternoon; and as I wondered if they had yet brought up their needed reinforcements, I watched the pretty white hands playing the brush and comb dexterously and deftly amidst the long silken strands of wavy hair. All at once a clear, soft, voice broke out into song, and so startled me that I seemed struck with a sort of dumb paralysis.

It was a well-known ballad of the North:

"Weeping sad and lonely
Hopes and fears—how vain!
Yet praying
When this cruel war is over—
Praying that we meet again!"

Then a sob followed. The vision sank to the floor out of my range of vision and fell to weeping as if her young heart would break. Ever and anon amidst this wild sobbing came the sharp reports of some skirmishing party as our forces tried for the most favorable positions before the great battle began in earnest.

"Vi—Violet!" came suddenly through the painted wooden panels of the door leading out upon the hallway.

"Ye—yes, grandmamma!"
"Let me instantly!"
"Ye—yes, grandmamma!"

The door was unfastened, then hastily thrown open.

"Violet, they have foisted a lot of wounded fiends upon us in our absence. The accursed Yankees—it would serve them right and do my poor country a service if I were to poison them—the vampires!"

"Grandmamma!"

"No answering back, girl! Pack up your necessary changes of clothing and be ready in fifteen minutes to leave what has come to be worse than bedlam! Old Neb shall take us to uncle Mortimer's where we shall at least find some

slight protection from the savage hordes—ugh!"

"Oh, grandmamma!"
"Don't 'oh grandmamma' me! Do as you are told—and may the fiend incarnate take the satanic crew along with him! Oh, I well know your sneaking Northern prejudices—woe is me that one of mine should ever have loved so rabid a Yankee as your father was—pah! I loathe the whole vile lot and I'll teach you not to follow in the footsteps of your mother. Dare to disobey me and, old as you are, you shall yet feel the rod about your shoulders!"

A subdued shriek followed the old woman's words, and dark as it was fast becoming I saw the talon-like clutch upon the tender young arm, and with one bound I found myself—weak and tottering from loss of blood—upon the floor beside the pair.

"How dare you madman!"—but in her great fright the maternal relative had good cause to think me a ghost—the dragon of a grandmother let go her vicious hold and flew yelling into the hallway, banging the door behind her as she went.

"Oh, who are you, sir—how came you here!"

"I am"—but Tom, my boy, don't think me womanish if I confess that I fell in a big awkward heap at the feet of my little lady!

That night was not much more than a blank to me. Someone—old Neb, I learned afterward—"toted" me over to the bed again; Violet refused to follow her grandmother, but was, at last, carried off bodily by old Neb, who, I am informed, whispered delicious promises into his captive's shell-like ear.

When I returned to a consciousness of things earthly and prose, my thoughts flew at one bound to Violet. Tom, it was all up with me, though I did not realize it at quite so early a date; but as sure as you allow "pity" to walk in and take possession you might as well give up at once—for that shy dame had Cupid hidden somewhere about her premises; and it's astonishing how slight a sign will fetch the little rascal from his convenient hiding-place.

No sooner had I opened my eyes than the voice of the friendly Ethiopian made music in my ears.

"I've done promise young Miss Vi dat I would return and nuss you, sah—even do de ole mis' is pow'ful mad—pow'ful mad, sah! Young Miss Vi she say: 'Uncle Neb, fotch de ole mare down to 'Uncle Mort's in de mawin' shu, and de saddle and de pillion. I 'se don'ter be captured by dem Yankees—he! he! he! She's a monstrous straffe young leddy, Miss Vi is, shu' nuff, sah, and de way ole mis' do mistreat dat mudderlese and foddereless gal is a bo'n shame—and taint nuffin' else, sah,' and as I was careful to not curb the old slave's garrulity, I learn much of the lonely and unloved life led by her beautiful orphan; and the more I hear the more Pity advances into the citadel of my affections, and the bolder is Love to leave his place of hiding. If I might only be her knight, and rescue her from this death in life! I couldn't exactly kill the dragon, you see, Tom, though she talked glibly enough of poisoning the Yankee rats—but I might run off with her.

"An so, sah"—I recovered enough to hear Neb saying—"I trotted the ole mare down to ole Massa Mort's, and"—"Here I am!" cried a fresh young voice without a hint of hesitation or fear, in one of its sweet cadences.

"I sincerely beg you will pardon this intrusion, Miss Violet," I said, looking into the sweet blue eyes that met mine in so innocently curious a gaze that Cupid hides in ambush no longer, and I am captured, then and there. "I"—"Don't apologize—I'm glad you are here. Sir, can you tell me if I may go North now? May I be passed through your lines and be sent out of this detested country—a country alien to my father and hated by my mother!"

"Upon one condition, perhaps—yes." "And that is—sir—speak!" "That you go as my wife." Yes, Tom, it was a surprisingly cool thing to say but do you know she took it as serious as I made the proposition. Her sweet blue eyes looked solemnly into mine, and they seemed to be reading my very soul. I never can describe to you the sensations that were mine at that hour.

Thunderous volleys of cannonading kept the echoes rolling—Fort Donelson was making a brave resistance—noisy cavalCADES galloped by, far and near shouts filled the air, and there, close to my bedside stood the pretty figure of a girl I had seen once before, calmly scrutinizing me with clear, innocent, longing eyes.

"I think you are good," said she, quietly, at length; "but I must think longer about it. They say Fort Donelson is about to be surrendered; General Buckner is weakening visibly, and by to-morrow all will be in the hands of the enemy!" At this thought a smile of mischief and delight overspread her beautiful face. "I will go and talk with grandmamma and Uncle Mort about this. I think they will both say good riddance. My rebel relatives! But whatever is decided upon Uncle Neb shall bring you word sometime this afternoon. Are you in much pain sir? If—such a thing should come to pass as you proposed, it—it might be done at once and I—I might come here and nurse you, sir. Are you suffering a great deal?"

"Oh, nothing to speak of, Miss Violet."

"Cameron," she vouchsafed seeing my hesitancy.

"My name is"—well, I told her what it was and is, Tom, and she repeated it in her soft musical voice, and put a small fair hand in mine in farewell.

Love at first sight? Well, I should think so indeed!

That afternoon Uncle Neb labored up the wide stairway, crossed the hall, entered the room and, sable Cupid that he was, placed in my hand a valentine.

"Scuse Miss Vi, sah, but dis is de ole papah she could fin in ole Massa Mort's house, sah; but Miss Vi, she done say dat dein, as its Saint Valumtime's Day it'll be all very right and propah, sah."

I tore open the envelope, Tom, and there amidst the noisy carnage of war without, peace entered into my heart.

A tiny wreath of violets about a dove a smiling Cupid with golden bow unstrung, a little verse of love and longing, and the written words:

"I surrender."

ST. VALENTINE'S DAY.

HOW AND WHEN THE CUSTOM OF SENDING VALENTINES ORIGINATED—WHO ST. VALENTINE WAS.

Perhaps the most sensible valentine that was ever penned—if it can be called one—was addressed to an editor of one of our popular magazines many years ago, and ran thus:

"Pray tell me who was Valentine. Where was he born? I can't divine; Was he a layman, or a priest? We ought that thing to know, at least; Was he a pagan deity? Some say he was a Roman saint. Who loved to pray, and read, and paint; He must have done some wondrous things. For round his name what glory clings! Why, half the world adore his name, And once a year recount his fame, And everywhere the ladies pine To get a verse from Valentine."

It is said that a fact in natural history, to wit, that birds in Southern Europe pair about the middle of February, is the actual origin of the association of sentiment with this date. There is no doubt that the custom of sending valentines can be traced in origin to a practice among the ancient Romans. At the feast of the Lupercalia, which was held on the fifteenth of February in honor of the great god Pan, deriving its name from the place where it was held, the Lupercal, so called because it was supposed to be the spot where the four-footed foster-mother of Romulus and Remus administered nourishment to the little waifs—the names of all the virgin daughters of Rome were put in a box, and drawn therefrom by the young men. Each youth was bound to offer a gift to the maiden who fell to his lot, and to make her his partner during the time of the feast. No doubt this custom led to the formation of many life partnerships, which was undoubtedly what its practical originators desired.

How this very secular custom became allied to the name of a saint is another matter entirely. St. Valentine was a Bishop of Rome during the third century. He is reported to have been a man of most amiable nature and remarkable gifts of eloquence, so that he was very successful in converting the pagan Romans to Christianity. For this reason he naturally incurred the displeasure of the Emperor, Marcus Aurelius Claudius, who hated and persecuted the little Christian band, and he was martyred by order of that ruler, first beaten with clubs and then beheaded. The date of his death was February 14, 260 D.A. His bones are still exhibited to the traveler at the Church of St. Praxedes, in Rome. Pope Julius erect-

ed a church to this worthy martyr's memory, and the gate leading to it, which is now the Porta del Popolo, was known for several centuries as Porta Valentini. Archbishop Wheatley, in his Illustrations of the Book of Common Prayer says that "St. Valentine was a man of admirable parts, and so famous for his love and charity that the custom of choosing valentines upon this festival (which is still practiced) took its rise from thence."

It is probable that the connection of name came from a coincidence of date only. When the saint came to be placed in the calendar, his name was given to the day of his death, and this was made a festival, to offset that Lapericalia, on the 15th. Alban Butler, in his "Lives of the Saints," tells us that the zealous fathers endeavored to substitute the names of saints for those of girls in this lottery, but without success. St. Francis de Sales, of Geneva, in the seventeenth century attempted a similar reform, ordering the drawing of the names of saints and holy men, whose virtues were deserving of imitation. Since imitating a saint is a more difficult task than dancing attendance on a pretty girl, we can not be surprised that the innovation did not "take," among the young men of Geneva. By some means this custom found its way into Great Britain—probably Caesar's soldiers introduced it—and was for many centuries in high favor both in England and Scotland. We find mention of it as early a date as 1446 and many times subsequently. It was called "choosing valentines;" probably because there was no choice in the matter.

Here the young men as well as the young women wrote their names on billets to be drawn by the opposite sex. Thus each had two valentines, the one which had drawn, and the one to whose lot he had fallen, and we are told it was the custom for the young man to prefer the former and to relieve himself of all obligations to the latter by a gift. Fortune having thus divided the company into couples, it was expected that the young men would devote themselves for a certain length of time to attendance on the maidens given them, "a sport which often ends in love," an old writer says, "as might be expected." This was his first sight of a city. His mountain home is fifty miles from a railroad and in order to reach Atlanta, he walked those fifty miles. He had never seen a railroad or a train of cars before, had never owned a book, could neither read or write, knew nothing of what are termed the comforts of life—yet was happy.

The Oldest Scout in the West.

In a humble home on Snake River, near the boundary line between Colorado and Wyoming, lives Jim Baker. He is familiarly known as the Old Man of the Mountains. For over fifty years he has been hunter, trapper, scout and guide, on the frontier. After half a century of thrilling adventures, both on the plains and in the mountains, his almost iron constitution refused to yield its strength to changing time. He is now over eighty years of age, and many say older, but he laughs at his years and says he is still young. His eye is as keen and quick as the eagle's, even though the burden of four score years is resting upon him. His hair is long and silken and white as the mountain snows. The locks are curly, and flowing far down on his shoulders, make him look verily the patriarch of the Rocky Mountain country that he is. His is the most characteristic face on all the frontier. It is as rough as the unheaven and rugged rocks, and the sharp, rough features show the strength and nerve that have always characterized him.

When Jim Baker, with only his rifle for a companion, left Independence, Mo., in 1836, which was then the border line of civilization, all of the vast region west almost of the Missouri River was almost a wilderness into which adventurous spirits were eager to enter. Only here and there in this great expanse of country did he find a hunter and trapper, but commonwealths have sprung up since then, and nearly eight million people now live between the Missouri River and Golden Gate.

There is no longer a frontier in its old-time meaning. The trails from the Columbia to the Rio Grande and from the great plains east of the Rocky Mountains on to the Pacific Coast he has traversed hundreds of times. There is not a mountain range or stream in all the West that he has not crossed, and

before even the first streaks of civilization came with a new light, he hunted and trapped for the old fur dealers on the Columbia. He was with Fremont and Gilpin when they first blazed a trail across the great continental divide to the Pacific. He was a scout with Doniphan's men on their famous march to Mexico, being with Gilpin's detachment. He was a guide for Albert Sydney Johnson on his unfortunate expedition against the Mormons, and was a scout with Harney in his great battle with the Indians at Ash Hollow. There has hardly been an Indian war in the West in which he has not participated, and especially those with the Indians on the plains. His last work as a scout was at the time of the Meeker massacre when Utes made their outbreak. For years he was a Government scout and was the old-time friend of Kit Carson and next to him acknowledged to be the best rifle shot in the West, for let it always be remembered that Kit Carson never was excelled by any as a marksman. Kit Carson and Jim Baker for years were boon companions and tried and trusty friends. Together they fought many a battle with the Indians and went through hundreds of adventures and hair-breadth escapes. Hence Kit Carson spoke from experience when he said: "I have never met a man in all the Rocky Mountain country who had a nerve like Jim Baker's." They both married squaws and lived happily with them. Baker fell in love with a Shoshone Indian maid, courted her and won her, after the style of her tribe, and by her has raised a family of half-breeds well known in the West. Some say that Baker and Carson married sisters, but that cannot be stated as a fact.—New York World.

The Man From Way Back.

He was a big, strapping fellow, probably twenty years old, and weighing 180 pounds. As he walked into the police station yesterday afternoon his shoeless feet made no noise.

"I'm from Ducktown, Tenn.," he said in response to Captain Couch's questions. "My name is William Ward an' I come to 'ten United States court."

He was a typical mountaineer, strong and not bad looking. He was not much of a dude in his cotton shirt and homespun breeches.

This was his first sight of a city. His mountain home is fifty miles from a railroad and in order to reach Atlanta, he walked those fifty miles. He had never seen a railroad or a train of cars before, had never owned a book, could neither read or write, knew nothing of what are termed the comforts of life—yet was happy.

The officers about the station house took an interest in him and began to ply him with questions. He had been subpoenaed to appear in the United States Court as a witness in an illicit distillery case. He had come 150 miles and was entitled to ten cents per mile as mileage.

"Did you ever have that much before?" asked Captain Couch.

"No I reckon not. Never saw that much before."

"What do you do?"

"Oh, I work for a fellow. I don't get any pay. He told me he'd do the right thing by me. I ain't going to work for that any more. Would stay here if I could get something to do."

He was asked to sit down. He looked suspiciously on the chair pointed out to him, shook it gently and sat on the doorstep. Of course he didn't know anything about making corn whiskey, but he had hunted down many a deer and turkey.

"Do you use caps on guns up there?"

"A few of the fellers have them new guns, but flint and steel is good enough for most of us."

He looked it.

Later in the evening he was offered some supper, but he had a hunk of venison and corn bread with him. Then he curled up on the floor, and in a few minutes was sound asleep, free from care and happy.—Atlanta Constitution.

The Joker Outjoked.

A thrilling though true story relating to a prominent merchant of St. Paul but who is now visiting the lake, has just leaked out. The man in question had attended a fashionable dinner party and had imbibed rather freely of champagne, so much so that on returning to his office he felt an irresistible impulse to play on somebody a practical joke. His quick wit soon came to his rescue.

Managing to reach his telephone he called up an undertaker, and representing himself to be the Coroner, ordered him to come immediately and remove a dead man. He telephoned to another undertaker the same message, and still another. Not satisfied yet he called a forth—urging them to hasten. He then threw himself on a sofa to await the fun.

He soon, however went to sleep, and when the undertakers came he was dozing away in a half-drunken stupor. The undertakers soon understood the situation and whispered a short time among themselves.

A few minutes after they were seen to carry one of the boxes into the office and soon returned with it, lifting it with much exertion into the wagon. When the man awoke he found himself stark naked on a marble slab in a dissecting room of a prominent establishment of St. Paul. "Let me see," and a thin gaunt young fellow, who was sharpening a scalpel, "shall we cut out his left lung first or his right?" The intoxicated man began to doubt whether he was dead or alive. The cold sweat began to come out on his forehead. He found himself unable to move a muscle or utter a word.

"Oh, it don't make much difference," answered the person addressed, a still more ghastly-looking specimen, who was wiping a long dissecting knife near the head of the doomed man. "We can sever the jugular first and then decide what to do." As he spoke he put his cold, wet hand on the shoulder of the man and held the knife as if about to dissect him.

The man admits that the sensation was peculiar; the touch of the hand, however, acted like an electric shock, and with a piercing yell, the "dead man" jumped several feet away from his persecutors and reached the outside of the door, only to hear them roar with laughter as they shouted to him, "Hold up, Jim, it's only a practical joke, you know better come back and get your vest on."

—St. Paul Globe.

A Student's Vacation.

A reporter walked up the towpath at lower Black Rock one day overtook a canal-boat on whose stern was painted "Polly Forbes of Schenectady." In a minute more he had come up with the mules and their driver. Under the mules' collars were great rings of raw flesh, constantly chafed and irritated by the hot leather. They limped painfully onward, too hopelessly wretched to resent the jerks and scourings of the driver, who himself seemed a fitting companion for his beasts, for whenever the dust discovered his clothing it was a mass of patches, and a torn, wide-brimmed hat protected his head.

"Hello!" said he, as the reporter came along, "would you be kind enough to tell me the time?"

"Half-past eleven."

"Ah, thank you; half an hour till dinner time, and I'm hungry enough to eat both Pegasus and Bucephalus. They are the ambulant steeds you see before you. Full of fire, especially under their collars. They look a little weary now, for they've been on the tramp for ten days."

"And you have almost as hard a lot as the mules, I fancy."

"Well, that's just as you look at it. I rather like it myself. Of course, I get foot-sore on the towpath, but then when I'm off I can't do much but rest and read. I've been reading considerable of Tenneyson and Browning this summer."

"Hey?" said the astonished reporter. Tenneyson and Browning. I began 'The Ring and Book' six weeks ago on the up-trip from New York. I'm making a study of it. You see we can hardly keep up with the current literature in college."

"In college?"

"Yes, I am a Cornell man, and I spend my summer on the tow-path. That is, I have the last two. The first summer I hired out as a waiter at a seaside hotel, but my rich Southern blood could not stand it; so the last two summers I've followed the profession of a mule driver. Of course, I have to stand round and obey orders; but I look out for a good captain and so don't have it so rough as some of them."

"But don't you have to put up with many privations?"

"Oh, no; just come aboard at dinner time, and you can see for yourself. The walking is beneficial to one's health, and while the feet get sore at first that quickly wears off. Then, too, the canal passes through some of the richest farming country in the State, and I wouldn't ask for finer scenery than that in the Mohawk and Hudson River valleys."

Providence Independent.

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY.

COLLEGEVILLE, MONTG. CO., PA.

E. S. MOSER, Editor and Proprietor.

Thursday, February 9, 1888.

THE committee on banking is expected to report a bill to the House authorizing the issue of fractional currency to the amount of \$50,000,000.

THREE British steamships, all under charter to come to Philadelphia with iron ore, and the crews, numbering eighty men in all, are believed to have been lost. Early in December the three vessels left England. There is little hope for any of the crews.

WITHIN the past week considerable disturbance has been reported from the Shenandoah mining region, caused principally by riotous Poles and Hungarians. Several persons were killed and wounded. A large force of armed police is doing duty in maintaining public order. The miners' strike continues.

THE Thomas A. Hendricks Club of Indianapolis, recently tendered Chairman Kiser of this State an endorsement. This was very kind in the Hoosiers, and Mr. Kiser no doubt feels gratified. But if the Indiana democrats want Kiser to feel happy down to the ends of his toes they must send him about 50,000 voters.

LOCAL politics is the order of the hour just now. Intelligent citizens of every community are presumably aware of the importance of the February elections. After all, home rule, ought to be the best rule, because public officials are constantly within convenient distance of their constituents or masters. If home rule is not what it should be the people must apply the remedy or else rest under the odium of being careless in the discharge of their duty as good citizens.

THE Menhaden fish pirates are swarming about Washington and have organized a powerful lobby to prevent legislation that will compel them to keep a certain distance from the coast in fishing. Within the past few years food fish have decreased rapidly along the Atlantic on account of the wholesale slaughter by the menhaden pirates. The men who visit legislative halls to bribe lawmakers deserve to be hung.

CHICAGO is anxious to get both the big political conventions of the year in order to let her telegraphers eclipse even their phenomenal record of four years ago. During the last conventions twenty-two picked men were in the convention hall, and they sent out 1,500,000 words per day, an average of 65,000 words an hour, and 10,000 columns of ordinary newspaper type in the twenty-four hours. It remains to-day the greatest telegraph feat ever performed in any office in the world.

THE men who lead double lives sooner or later emigrate to Canada—or else fall into the clutches of the law. The latest specimen is the "highly esteemed and trusted cashier of the Continental hotel," Philadelphia, who has been for quite awhile accustomed to support his lawful wife and go to church with her in one section of the city, while in another part he clothed as a second woman and drank rum. As a consequence, of course, a double salary was necessary, and the extra salary that he stole is the reason why Henry E. Reese is in Moyamensing now.

SAYS the Reading Telegram: It is clear that the Shenandoah riots were precipitated by Huns, Poles and other foreigners who were lately imported to cut down the wages of our legitimate labor. Nothing but the fear of riots and the complete loss of all consideration has prevented the coal barons from importing foreign cheap labor to drive out the strikers. The Shenandoah riots were caused by the very element they introduced to bring down the wages of American labor to the level of pauper labor in Europe. Time sets all things even, and when these foreigners begin to turn on their monopoly employers home industry will get the protection so profusely promised, but always refused.

WASHINGTON LETTER.

From our regular correspondent.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 3, 1888.—Among the little things and big things that have been done in Congress this week I will mention that the Senate, unanimously and without debate, voted to substitute the 30th of April for the 4th of March as Inauguration day. They also voted that the term of office of the President and of the Fiftyth Congress shall continue until the 20th day of April, 1889, at noon; that the Senators whose exist-

ing term would expire on the 4th of March, 1889 (and thereafter), shall continue in office until the 30th of April succeeding such expiration, and that the 30th of April shall thereafter be substituted for the 4th of March as the commencement and termination of the official term of the President, Vice-President, Senators, and Representatives in Congress.

In the House end of the Capitol there is on the calendar another Constitutional amendment awaiting a vote. It fixes the day for the meeting of Congress on the first Monday in January, and the time of final adjournment at noon on the 31st of December. This, you see would practically make a continuous session for the two years' term, interrupted by only such recesses as both Houses should agree to.

The Senate has agreed to give a \$1,200,000 public building to Nebraska's thriving city of Omaha, and the House has voted to favor with public buildings Greenville, S. C., Portsmouth, Ohio, Asheville, N. C., Springfield, Mo., and Monroe, La.

Prohibition bills memorials and petitions continue to pour in upon both Houses. One of the latest and strongest is the result of the yearly meeting of the Society of Friends in Baltimore which shows that the Friends do not believe in half-way measures. The petition calls for a Constitutional amendment prohibiting the manufacture, exportation, importation, transportation, and sale of liquor in the United States. Petitions continue to be presented, also in favor of the proposed Constitutional Centennial celebration to be held in this city.

To give you an idea of the demands made by constituents and other callers upon the time of our lawmakers which should be spent, during the daily session at least, in attention to public business, I will mention that the doorkeepers at the various entrances to the floor of the House kept tally on last Thursday of the cards sent in to members during the day. Owing to the bad weather there happened to be fewer people at the Capitol that day than usual, yet 1,700 cards were sent in. This did not include those sent in from the ladies reception room, which would have numbered several hundred more.

There was a little contest in the Senate over the one cent postage bill. In presenting the Senatorial Post-Office Committee's adverse report upon the dainty measure, Chairman Sawyer stated that the Post-Office Department was not self-supporting yet, and therefore it was not time to attempt any further reduction on letter postage. Senators Beck, Hoar, Platt and others each believed in penny postage. They argued that the people wanted and demanded better and cheaper mail service; that they had never asked that the Post-Office Department should be self-sustaining, nor had they ever complained of extravagance in that branch of the Government.

Members of the House generally favor the reduction of postage, on drop letters at least, to one cent. There are other bills on the subject besides the one snubbed by the Senate committee, and others are being prepared which will be introduced at an early day. During the one cent discussion Senator Beck said he could not understand how the Government could afford to carry bonnets, harness and all kinds of merchandise over the country for a cent an ounce and not be able to carry the intelligence of the people at the same rate.

It is said that the forth-coming tariff bill, which is being framed with such care that it is expected to please the whole country, is not of a radical character. The revenue reformers who are clamoring for a reduction on the necessities of life will be pleased, it is thought with the disposition made of wool, woolen goods, cotton goods, and sugar. The Randall Democrats will be pleased with the duties of tobacco cut some \$20,000,000, while the whiskey tax will not be touched.

A Fatal Electric Shock.

THE INSTANT DEATH OF A MAN AND HORSE IN BUFFALO.

BUFFALO, February 5.—Isaac Morton a colored employe on the New York Central vestibule train between New York and Buffalo, was killed by electricity early this morning in a peculiar manner. Robert Taylor was driving a delivery wagon down Michigan street, street and when near Eagle street the horse suddenly dropped to the pavement. Taylor applied the whip and received an electric shock which made him unconscious. Morton saw the singular accident, and when he went to the young man's assistance, Taylor quickly regained his senses. Morton, who was a large, powerful man, then took hold of the horse, supposing it was alive, but as he did so an unearthly shriek rent the air, and he fell, dying on the animal. Policemen Haley and Hennessey, who thought there had been a murder, quickly came to the scene and found Taylor bewildered. They concluded that it was a case of electric shock and sent for doctors. Meanwhile they tore Morton from the horse, receiving slight shocks, and took him to a drug store on the corner. Whiskey was used in a vain attempt to revive the unfortunate man. The doctors think that Morton received the shock through the horse, for both hands were burned indicating that the circuit had passed through his body in that way. It was found that a telephone wire, broken by the weight of wet snow, has crossed a Brush electric light wire and had fallen to the street. The horse coming in contact with it received the fatal shock. Morton's death was almost instantaneous. His watch, keys, money and knife were highly magnetized. Morton leaves a wife and two children, who lived in Detroit. Taylor will recover. The accident caused intense excitement.

All About the Tariff.

AN INFALLIBLE ARGUMENT.

"The protectionists have an infallible, iron-ribbed, copper-bottomed and brass-mounted argument in support of every tariff tax. It is large enough for any man, small enough for any boy, warranted not to cut in the eye and to stand in any climate. It is interogatory in its form. 'If the tariff on wool is not beneficial'—they ask—'why do the farmers want it?' 'If the tariff on steel rails is not a sweet boon to the country why do all the steel rail makers in the land clamor for it?' It is a fine argument—for its size."—*Detroit Free Press.*

THAT VENERABLE TRACE CHAIR.

"There is nothing the farmer has bought all these years, from the trace chain at 2½ cents a pound, the looking-glass at 1½ to 150 per cent., and triple profit on the hands it passed through on these charges, that has not contributed its mite to swell this redundant capital. For twenty-five years now to every bushel of grain he has taken to market he has carried with it from one to six pecks, so he might bring home what the bushel would have brought him if he had not had this mania for protecting 'infant industries.' 'Many mickles mak a muckle.' So the harvest is consumed before seed-time returns. The dipper that fills the barrel in the fall cannot compensate this incessant, all-the-year-round leakage, though it oozes out but drop by drop."—*Chicago Herald (Dem.).*

NO POLITICAL SIGNIFICANCE.

"This question of the tariff is one which has no political significance whatever. All the political parties are divided upon it, and the attempt to make it a sectional issue is simply the work of demagogues who would ruin their country if they cannot rule it. There was a unit in opposition to the tariff; but with the wonderful impetus which Southern industries have received during recent years that unity of view has been broken, and while the majority of Southerners still hold to their old anti-tariff doctrine, that doctrine has no firmer nor more out spoken adherents than among the Republicans of the north-west. The fact is that the tariff question is purely a business question, not a political question at all. It is a question upon which honest men hold widely divergent views, and it is a question whose successful solution can only come through an honest endeavor to learn the truth."—*Ohio Farm and Fireside (Neutral).*

How They Fooled Him.

THE EXEMPLARY CONDUCT OF THE AVERAGE GIRL BROUGHT UP IN CHICAGO.

From the Chicago News.
"Do you want to see a neat game? Then watch the three girls sitting with their father in the fifth pew of the middle aisle," said the tenor of a fashionable up-town church last Sunday to a reporter who was paying him a visit in the choir during morning service. The reporter fixed his eyes on the mentioned pew. The father seemed to be a prosperous banker or merchant, a portly, gray-whiskered, red-faced man, evidently somewhat of a martinet. As the deacon approached with the contribution box the parent drew a fat wallet from his inside pocket, opened it and pompously handed each of his daughters a bank-note.

"He gave them a tender specie," whispered the chorister. Each girl as she received her bill crumpled it carelessly in her right hand and became absorbed in the hymnal again, which was held in both hands. When the silver salver was handed into their pew the father dropped his contribution in with a placid air and then passed the plate along to the daughters. Each took her left hand from her book, dropped a crumpled bill into the repository and the plate was handed back to the waiting deacon. "A clever idea," said the tenor. "Each girl drops a dollar bill on with her left hand and holds out a ten with her right. It seems that young misses have to resort to sharp devices at times to raise money for matinee tickets and bonbons, eh?"

Congressman Hayes, of Iowa, some time ago refused to present a petition asking that a prohibitory law be passed in the District of Columbia and was subsequently confronted with the non-sensical charge of having "denied the right of petition." Now note Congressman Hayes' straightforward answer to this charge. "I repeat," he writes with remarkable vigor, "that for people of Iowa to petition Congress as to local concerns in the District of Columbia is officious meddling of the most offensive character, whether it applies to the conduct of particular classes of business or other local matters, and that no person combining intelligence with discrimination, delicacy and a fair amount of that finer feeling that prompts true men and women to attend to their own affairs, will ever indulge in it." As for the right of petition which Mr. Hayes is charged with having denied, he goes on to show that it is right guaranteed "for a redress of grievances," which cannot "by any just process of reasoning be made to cover busybodom or meddling." Congressman Hayes, of Iowa has a level head.

Ironbridge Carriage Works

Jos. B. Wismer, Proprietor.

All kinds of Carriages and Wagons Built to order.

The best material and workmanship. Prompt attention given to every description of

REPAIRING!

Carriage Painting and Trimming executed in the best manner.

VARIETY.

Another crank has turned up and he is ready to prove by another cipher that Sir Walter Raleigh wrote the Shakespeare plays. When these literary vampires fall out Shakespeare will get his due.—*St. Paul Pioneer Press.*

THESE DISTRACTING INTERESTS.

From the Epoch.

"When you call on sister Clara, Mr. Featherly," said Bobby, "you never stay later than twelve o'clock do you?" "No, indeed, Bobby, and often not as late as that."

"That's what pa said. He told me that there was no danger of you ever staying any later than quarter to twelve, because the saloons close up at twelve."

In a Boston "experience meeting" a colored woman arose and spoke as follows: "I thank the Lord for what he has done for me. He is always good to me. He has always blessed me. I am 46 years old and have buried three husbands. They were all bad men, and bless the Lord, he took all of them away!"—*New York Sun.*

At Lebanon the other day Peter Zimmerman, aged 54, and Mary Walmer 51, both of Union township, Lebanon county, applied for a marriage license. It was discovered noting their answers to questions that they had been wedded nearly a quarter of a century ago, divorced July 25, 1881, had a second courtship and engagement, and were now desirous of again entering the state of matrimony.

HE WAS NOT ALONE.

Captious Critic. "Oh, come now, you don't mean to say that is a picture of General Biggun?"

Photographer. "Taken from life." "Can't understand that. I've seen General Biggun at the head of his troops many a time, and he always had a fire-eating, dare-devil expression which no one could forget, but that picture looks as meek as a lamb."

"But, my dear sir, he wasn't at the head of his troops when he sat for that picture."

"Well, I've seen him alone, too, and his expression was just the same. He was alone when he came here, I suppose."

"No, not exactly; his wife was with him."—*Omaha World.*

:- ONLY A WORD :-

—WITH YOU YOUNG—

HOUSEKEEPERS!

As well as to Old Housekeepers desiring to Replenish with

NEW GOODS

Exceedingly Low Figures.

Having laid in a good stock of General House-furnishing Goods, we can show you a

Nice - Line - of - Furniture

Such as Walnut, Ash and Painted Suits, Parlor Suits, Lounges, cheap; Walnut, Ash and Painted Sideboards; Common and Piece Top Mirrors; Walnut and Ash Extension Tables, Case and Wood-seat Chairs, cheaper than ever; Bureaus, Centre Tables, Rockers, Cotton and Woven Wire Mattresses, with latest improvements.

JUST RECEIVED A NEW LOT OF

Crockery and Queensware, Lamps, &c.

Latest Styles and Patterns, at Remarkably Low Figures.

DRY GOODS

Such as Sheetings, Muslins, Table Linens, Blankets, Cassimeres, Towelings, &c. Also constantly on hand a nice line of

Choice Groceries, Hats, Caps,

Carpets, Paints, Oils, Varnishes, Clocks, Hardware, &c.

Thanking our many patrons for past favors and soliciting your future orders, I remain respectfully yours,

ISAAC KULP,

GRATER'S FORD, PA.

Great Closing-Out Sale

For January, 1888!

FALL AND WINTER DRESS - GOODS

AND

COATS!

AT THE

KEYSTONE STORE.

There are two things we want to do in January. The first is to sell off our greater portion of dress goods, and the other is to close the balance of our stock of coats, and in order to do so we have made a GREAT REDUCTION in both coats and dress goods. In some cases we will sell the above goods at prices that would pay to keep over. We also think now is the time to buy your muslins, tickings, calicoes, etc., etc.

MORGAN WRIGHT,

KEYSTONE STORE,

(Main St., Opposite Square.)

NORRISTOWN, PA.

P.S.—We have marked down a lot of remnants of dress goods. Call and see them.

DISSOLUTION OF PARTNERSHIP

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned, trading as H. T. Hunsicker & Co., of Ironbridge, will dissolve partnership, by mutual consent, Monday, January 2, '88. The business will be continued by H. T. Hunsicker. All persons indebted to the firm will please settle their accounts, and those having claims against said firm are requested to present the same without delay.

H. T. HUNSICKER, C. T. HUNSICKER.

Ironbridge, Dec. 23, '87.

H. H. YELLIS,

Carpenter and Builder, GRATER'S FORD, PA.

Estimates for work furnished upon application and contracts taken. All orders will receive prompt attention. All kinds of mill work constantly on hand, such as window frames, doors, sashes, moldings, etc. Will be home two days in a week, namely TUESDAY and FRIDAY, to attend to my customers. My prices defy competition. Come and learn my prices before you look elsewhere. 12Jan6m

We are now Moved!

And have some unusual Bargains to tell you of, which cannot be duplicated elsewhere.

Men's White Merino Shirts and Drawers, regular 50c. quality, at 35c.; lot of 65c. quality at 45c.; 20 doz. 75c. quality at 50c. Fine Red Flannel Shirts and Drawers for \$1.50, worth \$2.00; also some at 75c. and \$1.00. Ladies' Underwear in assorted sizes and different prices.

Fresh lot of Gloves for Ladies, Men and Boys, which we have marked very low. We have a good assortment of Cotton Flannels, White Flannels, Red Flannels, Grey Flannels, Plaid Flannels, which we have marked in plain figures at rock bottom prices. Bed Blankets at 95c., \$1.25, \$2.25 and \$4.25. These are fine Blankets and bargains at the price.

We give you an idea below of the goods we carry in stock, but will not have space enough to name prices: Hats and Caps, Boots and Shoes, Gum Boots, Gum Shoes, Fine Shoes, Leather Boots, Groceries, Patent Medicines, Queensware, Glassware, Hardware, Paints, Oils, Putty, Glass, Bed Springs, Cement, Calcine Plaster, Potatoes, Apples, Tobacco, Pipes, Cigars, &c., &c.

Thanking you for your past patronage and hoping for a continuance of the same, we are yours Respectfully,

C. J. BUCKLEY,

P. O. Ironbridge. Rahn Station, Pa.

Dress Goods!

CLOTHS and COATS!

For Autumn and Winter!

Such an exhibition of fine qualities, colorings and styles as we now offer have never before been found in Pottstown.

Ladies' Broad Cloths in all the best shades; Fine French Checks in beautiful colors; Plaid Cloths in new pretty styles; English Serges; All Wool Henriettas; Good Tricot Cloths; French Sebastopol; Embroidered Cloth Suits; All Wool Mixtures in a variety of choice designs.

Fine, all-wool, French Dress Goods, 40 inches wide, 50 cents. These are in a variety of shades and a bargain.

New Coats for children at \$1.50, and up to \$12.50.

New Coats for Ladies at \$1.87½, up to \$37.50.

Handsome Silk Seal Plush Wraps, newest styles, at \$15.00, \$17.50, \$20.00, and up to \$37.50.

Genuine Bargains in real Silk Seal Cloth Coats.

A fine variety of all the latest fur Trimming at 25 cents to \$5.00 per yard; including Beaver, Otter, Chinchilla, Lynx, Russian Hare, Seal, Coon, Fox, Cony, &c., in light shades and blacks.

All the newest fur ball fringes for wraps.

Howard Leopold,

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Compound Elixir

—OF—

RHUBARB and PERUVIAN BARK

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CARDAMOM.

AN INVALUABLE REMEDY FOR DYSPEPSIA IN ALL ITS VARIOUS FORMS.

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BIG STOCK OF HOLIDAY ATTRACTIONS.

Consisting of the Latest Novelties and Most Appropriate Gifts at Prices Nobody Cares to Meet. People are Saving Money and Securing the Best by Purchasing from our Seasonable Line of Choice Selections in

WATCHES, CLOCKS, JEWELRY, SILVERWARE!

PENS, PENCILS, &c., &c.

An Immense Variety in all our departments. The Leading Novelties and Standard Styles of the Season. Prices the Lowest ever known for First-class Goods, at

J. D. SALLADE'S:-

16 E. MAIN STREET, (Opposite Public Square) NORRISTOWN, PA.

A SIMPLE QUESTION

I ask the readers of this valuable paper this simple question: Is it not common sense to patronize Home Trade? Everybody says Yes! Then why go to the larger towns and cities and pay even more for goods than you pay when you buy at my

STORE AT PROVIDENCE SQUARE?

If you want a SUIT OF CLOTHING, of any style, size and price, you can select from a large assortment, and I can show you as fine and varied stock of samples as you ever saw from one of the largest Cloth Houses in New York. Satisfaction guaranteed. And what more can you ask?

Great Variety of Staple and Fancy Dry Goods!

Shoes to suit everybody. Hats to please gentlemen, and boys, too. The best GROCERIES. Queensware must be seen to be appreciated. A full line of the best English ware direct from England. 95 Pieces—fine selection of new shapes—for \$9.95.

If you want a pump you can get it manufactured by the Goshen Pump Co., Indiana. You will find a General Stock of Merchandise usually kept in a Country Store, and prices will compete with town or country stores. Come see and be convinced. Very respectfully yours,

JOSEPH G. GOTWALS, PROVIDENCE SQUARE STORE.

:- JUST ARRIVED! :-

THE SNAG - PROOF BOOT!

Which is far superior to regular gum boots. This boot is made with a centre of cotton duck with coatings of rubber, so incorporated into the fibre of the duck, by heavy machinery, as to make a water-proof material that stands the severest test of wear, and renders it next to impossible for them to crack, or to be cut or torn from contact with rough or sharp surfaces. Also a large stock of

FREED'S CELEBRATED BOOTS AND SHOES!

Every pair warranted to give entire satisfaction. An elegant assortment of

Ladies' and Children's Fine Shoes.

A decided bargain in Bed Blankets:

All-wool Blankets for \$4.00; a heavy Colored 1½ Blanket, only \$2.60. HORSE BLANKETS from 80c. up. Latest styles of Men's and Boys' STIFF HATS. You should see our Men's FUR CAPS, only \$1.50; they are beautiful. Ladies' Gossamers, only 75c. Ladies' Knit Hoods, direct from factory, only 75c. Sellersville Knit Jacket for Men, \$2.50 to \$3.50.

Groceries are all Choice and Well Selected!

Fine flavor all-sugar Syrup, 50c. gallon; New Orleans Molasses, 70c. gallon; full cream Cheese, 10c. per pound; Rolled Oats, 5 pounds for 25c.; splendid Rio Coffee, 35c. per pound. Elegant Chinaware and Glassware given away with Best Mixed Tea, 15c. quarter pound. Beautiful Glassware actually worth price of Baking Powder goes with one pound, 60c. Valencia Raisins, 10c. Seedless Raisins, Citron and Currants.

Sole agent for John Lucas' and Felton Rnn and Libby's ready mixed PAINTS. Quality guaranteed. Full line of Hardware, Drugs, Glass, Oils, Varnishes, Cement, Plaster Paris, and in fact everything that is kept in a first-class country store.

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CULBERT'S

COUGH SYRUP for Colds, Croup, Coughs, &c.

LINIMENT, for Sprains, Burns, Frosted Feet, &c.

WORM SYRUP, Pleasant, Safe and Effectual.

CAMPOR CREAM, a sure remedy for Chapped Hands and Face, and Pains on

Chest resulting from Colds.

VANDERSLICE'S SPAIN CURE, an Effective Remedy.

SACHLO, for Removing Grease, Paint, &c., from clothing.

Old Fashioned Palm Soap for Chapped and Rough Hands, making them smooth and soft. Absolutely Pure Black Pepper and other Spices. Prime Sweet Marjoram. Best Head-light Oil, 150¢ fire test.

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All our new Spring Styles are now in stock.

All NEW GOODS in a NEW STORE.

All Old Goods Closed Out at Auction.

ELEGANT WHITE BACK PAPERS, 5, 9, 10, 15c. per Piece.

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FELTS AND INGRAINS, 30c., 60c. per Piece.

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Teeth extracted without pain by the use of Pure Nitrous Oxide Gas, Ether, &c. Also the new process for freezing the gums a miracle. English and German spoken. (ptap4-88)

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Second Floor, Room 15.
Can be seen every evening at his residence, COLLEGEVILLE, Pa. Dec.17,1yr.

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CONVEYANCER and General Business Agent. Will clerk sales at reasonable rates.

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Conveyancer and General Business Agent. Clerking of Sales attended to. Charges reasonable. 27jan-

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Sales clerked; sale bills prepared. Orders by mail will receive prompt attention. Nov5-6m. P. O. Address: Limerick Square.

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Dealer in every quality of Roofing, Flagging, and Ornamental Slates. Send for estimates, and prices.

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Collegeville, Pa. Always on hand roofing slate and slate flagging, and roofing felt. All orders promptly attended to. Also on hand a large lot of greystone flagging.

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Estimates for work furnished upon application, and contracts taken. All orders will be attended to promptly. Jan.1, '85,tf.

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Samples of Paper
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Contracts made and estimates furnished, and all work done guaranteed to give satisfaction. 28jyt

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Rag Carpet woven to order in any style desired. Satisfaction guaranteed. Good Rag Carpet for sale at reasonable prices.

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Attends to laying out the dead and shroud making. Wax flowers made to order. 16sep

MRS. S. L. PUGH,
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Attends to laying out the dead, shroud-making &c.

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To sell our Choice Varieties of Nursery Stock, either on salary or commission; permanent employment to the right men; no room for lazy ones; upright and honest are the ones we are looking for. Address with references, MAY BROTHERS, NURSERYMEN, Rochester, N. Y. 15dec

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GRATER'S FORD, PA.
The strictest attention given to all cases entrusted to my care. 14ap

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Insurance placed for one, three or five years in the largest and most reliable Stock Companies, at best rates. No assessments. Life and Accident Insurance policies a specialty. 28aply

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—BUTCHER AND DEALER IN—
Beef, Veal and Mutton!
Will serve the citizens of Collegeville and vicinity every Tuesday and Friday. apt6-1f

HAVING SECURED A FAIR CROP OF
HONEY!
I am prepared to fill orders, both WHOLESALE and RETAIL, in bottles, jelly tumblers, fruit jars, etc.; also IN THE COMB. Bring on your pails and jars and have them filled at 12 1/2 c. per pound.

W. E. PETERMAN,
TRAPPE, PA.
Residence and Apiary half mile north of P. O.

NEW SHOE STORE
—IN—
COLLEGEVILLE!

The undersigned desires to say to the public that he has laid in a full stock of

Boots and Shoes
FOR MEN, WOMEN AND CHILDREN,
At the Lowest Possible Prices!

The stock includes a general variety of the best made boots and shoes in the market. Also a full line of the most desirable

Rubber Boots and Shoes
AT RIGHT PRICES. Come and inspect our stock and favor us with your patronage.

BOOTS AND SHOES MADE TO ORDER and all kinds of Repairing done.

(20c) **E. E. Conway.**

Ironbridge Carriage Works
Jos. B. Wismer, Proprietor.

All kinds of Carriages and Wagons Built to order.

The best material and workmanship. Prompt attention given to every description of

REPAIRING!
Carriage Painting and Trimming executed in the best manner. 28aofm

WILLIAM E. JOHNSON,
Harness Manufacturer,
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—EVERY DESCRIPTION OF—
HARNESSES

Made to order and kept on hand. First-class material and good workmanship, and no price spared to give customers satisfaction. A full stock of all kinds of

HORSE -:- GOODS!!
Including Whips, Blankets, Lap Covers, &c.

By attention to business and by serving my patrons to the best of my ability, I hope to merit a share of the public patronage. 27janly

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Send model, drawing, or photo, with description. We advise if patentable or not, free of charge. Our fee not due till patent is secured. A book, "How to Obtain Patents," with references to actual clients in your State, county, or town. Address C. A. SNOW & CO., 140c Opposite Patent Office, Washington, D. C.

to be made. Cut this out and return to us, and we will send you free, something of great value and importance to you, which will bring you in more money right away than anything else in this world. Any one can do the work and live at home. Either sex; all ages. Something new, that just coins money for all workers. We will start you; capital not needed. This is one of the genuine, important chances of a lifetime. Those who are ambitious and enterprising will not delay. Grand outfit free. Address TRUCK & CO., Augusta, Maine.

Department of Agriculture.

HOW TO RAISE TURKEYS.
Geo. E. Barney, in the Country Gentleman, thus tells how he raises turkeys:

The great trouble in raising young turkeys is in the first two weeks of their lives, providing they come from healthy, strong parents. As a rule they are overfed while young with food not adapted to them, and not kept warm or dry, but allowed to get chilled and wet. I have no trouble to raise as large a percentage of turkeys as I can of any other domestic fowls. My method is to allow the hen to lay out her hatching, and let her sit as soon as she is so disposed, restoring to her from seventeen to nineteen eggs, according to her capacity to cover them. As soon as she is through hatching I put her on the barn floor, with plenty of food for herself, but give nothing to the young for the first twenty-four hours, and then only bread composed of one-half wheat and one-half Indian meal, mixed or softened with milk for a few days—then add curds one-third, and only a little at once—not leaving a quantity by them to gorge themselves upon. With this care I raise large flocks of turkeys, hard to beat. I now have June hatched birds, weighing 22 pounds, and have lost very few of them from carelessness.

MANAGEMENT OF STRAW-BERRY BEDS.

That is a very queer and interesting plant—the strawberry. To give it a fair chance it requires as much feeding as an asparagus plantation; and the manure must not be all near the surface. The best way to apply it is by spreading fifty loads per acre broadcast, and plowing it under a foot deep if possible. Then spread fifty more loads of fine manure on the surface and harrow it in well. Mulching the whole bed in November with salt hay, half an inch deep, is absolutely necessary. Different varieties of this delectable fruit seem to enjoy each other's company; and each variety seems to be benefited by the contact. The acidulous Wilson is tempered in tone, becomes sweeter, and takes on a lighter tint when planted near its famous companions; and the Sharpless or Cumberland. The Champion also changes its whole appearance and character when planted near the Sharpless. Its shape, color and flavor is changed, but its firmness is as stable as ever. The Crescent, a very light colored berry naturally, will become dark and very much resemble the Wilson when planted close to that variety. The Charles Downing is rather particular as to its company, but with a row of Wilson on one side and a row of Sharpless on the other, it becomes as near a perfect berry as possible, and for beauty unexcelled.—The Orchard and Garden.

A NOVEL PROPOSITION.

In the Nation of December 8, a correspondent, whose good faith the editor endorses, writes to Father McGlynn and Henry George offering through them to their followers a tract of 8,000 acres of land in New York State, within "eighty miles of the State Capitol, within ten miles of the terminus of the Adirondack railroad and only two miles from the highway which leads to the summer resort known as the Blue Mountain Lake," and is "bisected by the Hudson river," for the nominal sum of ten cents an acre." He says that if "to exterminate poverty it is necessary that we distribute lands among those who do not now possess them," here is an opportunity to test their theory under unusually favoring conditions. He says that the settlers "will have all the advantages that our forefathers possessed when they settled New England, Virginia or Kentucky and a hundred more besides. The soil and climate are similar to those of Massachusetts and Vermont; fuel can be had for the chopping; the woods are full of game; besides the Hudson and Indian rivers are numerous streams and lakes and ponds; and beyond their purchase the settlers will have the great Adirondack forest at their back for hunting grounds. Undoubtedly for a year or two they can subsist on fish and game, as the settlers did of old. When they float logs and timber down the river to Glen's Falls, they will find saw mills and canals and railroads ready made. I will guarantee that they will neither be tomahawked and scalped, nor burned nor even shot by Indians. If the Anti-Poverty Society sees fit to send them supplies, those supplies will not be transported in a leaky vessel by a four months' voyage, but can be carried in a few hours and dumped at North creek, the terminus of the road, and within an hour or two of the proposed settlement."

Should they choose "to travel by the primitive means of the first settlers, they can take sloop to Albany, and then by four or five or at most six days of easy marches over excellent

roads, reach their promised land at little cost and with no peril. The scheme contains every advantage that was ever set before the men who conquered Nature and laid the foundation of this Western empire, and, as I said before, a hundred more."

Certainly, unless Mr. George expects to settle all the landless on city lots without cost, this seems as favorable an opportunity for the poor to acquire homesteads of their own as is likely to be found in any civilized State. If none can be found willing to take advantage of this offer, we may very reasonably ask that some one should tell us, in some detail, just the kind of conditions necessary to tempt poor settlers to go upon unoccupied land, that we may be better able to judge to what extent the existing poverty is likely to be removed by a practical application of Mr. George's theory.—Boston Transcript.

PROFITS OF THE FARM.

Most farmers have to do the best they can, not as they would wish. And whether they get the rightful share of the farm profits depends not only upon their ability to work and plan, but also upon their ability to market what they have to sell, as well as upon the carefulness of the wife also. For instance, the farmer may be careful about feeding his cows, keeping them clean, etc. But unless the housewife supplements his close attention with the same care of the milk, cream and dairy utensils his extra work amounts to but little. We have now in our mind's eye a farmer who receives five cents above the market price for his butter, from the fact that his customers found that the quality was the same throughout the year, and as good any to be found in market. Now this extra five cents is all profit, and he is entitled to it. Nor is that all the profit, for when once a customer is obtained it is usually for a whole season, and a market is thus opened for other produce. In this way much time is saved in marketing, and middlemen entirely dispensed with. It brings him in the cash, and thus enables him to buy where he can get the most for his money, which is another profit he reaps. This is not fancy farming, but legitimate business, and free from all competition. Country dealers, on the other hand, generally buy produce in a lump and sell good and bad together at pretty much the same price, without allowing anything for quality. So it is always best for a farmer to establish a reputation for selling a good article in order to get his full share of the profit on anything he has to sell.

Many farmers believe that rye is much more exhaustive than wheat. It can be and usually is grown on poorer soil than the latter crop; and not only in manuring, but in preparation of the land, it is apt to be neglected. Rye has a greater bulk of straw than wheat; but this bulk is chiefly carbon and derived from the air. The broad leaves of rye cover the surface better than the wheat plant does, and this protection possibly serves some of the purposes of manuring. Where rye is grown in succession it takes a long time to run down good soil; but once change to wheat and a single crop will make another crop impossible without manure or a course of seeding with grass and clover. Although its leaf is bulky, the rye crop is gotten off one or two weeks earlier than wheat can be, thus relieving the grass and clover seeding of the double draught of roots on the water supply in the soil. After any grain is cut clover grows more rapidly than before, and rye is always cut earlier than any other grain.

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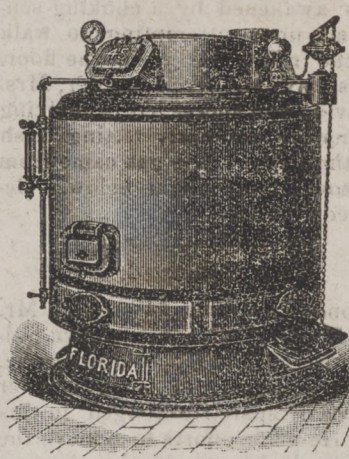
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